

Let fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence.—Pope.

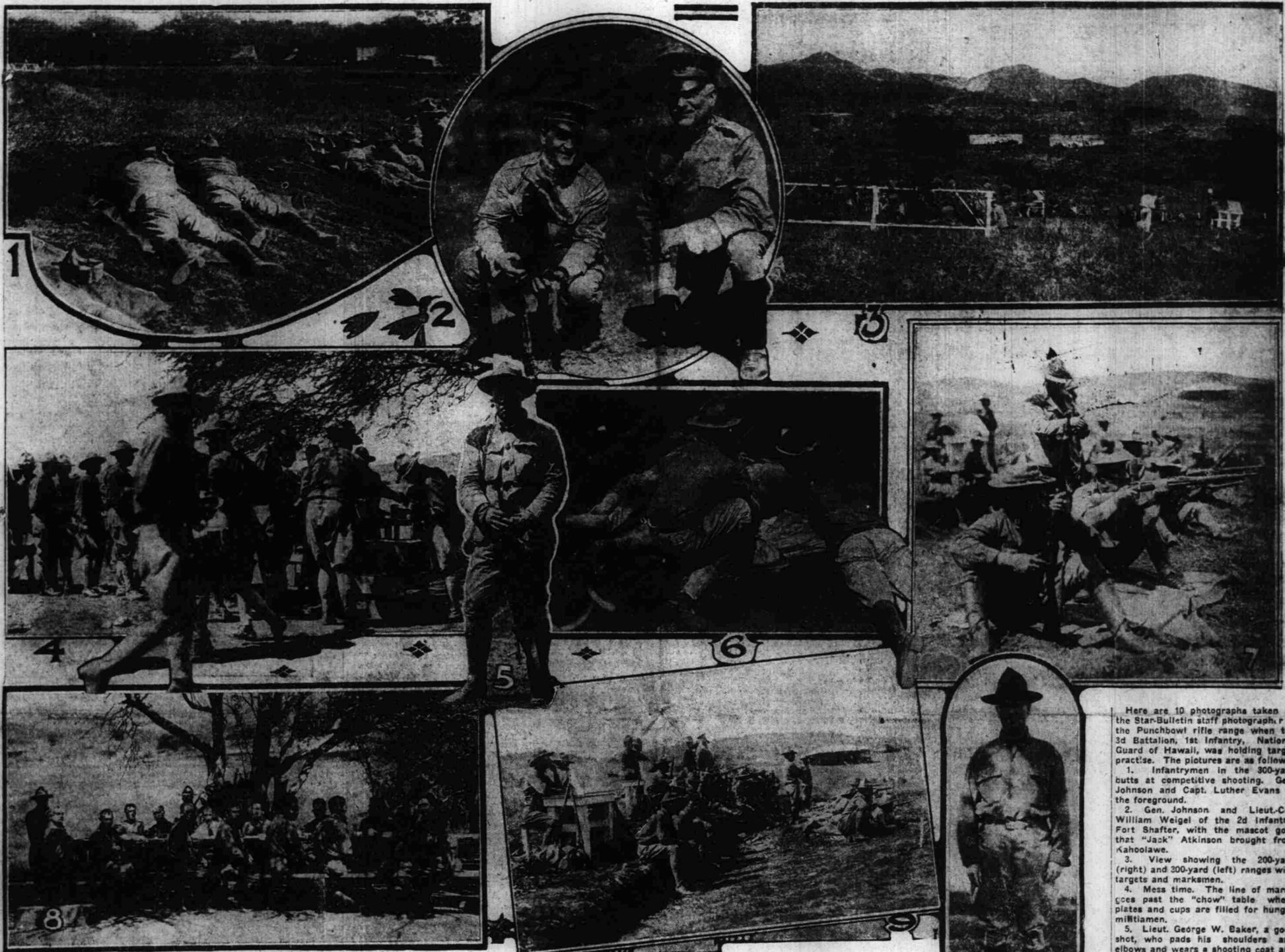
# Honolulu Star-Bulletin

Every man's life lies within the present, for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.—Antonius.

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1916.

SEVENTEEN

## IN PUNCHBOWL EXTINCT CRATER NATURE PROVIDES IDEAL SITE FOR RIFLE RANGE



Here are 10 photographs taken by the Star-Bulletin staff photographers at the Punchbowl rifle range when the 3d Battalion, 1st Infantry, National Guard of Hawaii, was holding target practice. The pictures are as follows:

1. Infantrymen in the 300-yard butts at competitive shooting. Gen. Johnson and Capt. Luther Evans in the foreground.
2. Gen. Johnson and Lieut.-Col. William Weigel of the 2d Infantry, Fort Shafter, with the mascot goat that "Jack" Atkinson brought from Kahoolawe.
3. View showing the 200-yard (right) and 300-yard (left) ranges with targets and marksmen.
4. Mess time. The line of march goes past the "chow" table where plates and cups are filled for hungry militiamen.
5. Lieut. George W. Baker, a good shot, who pads his shoulders and elbows and wears a shooting coat and dark goggles on the range.
6. Officers instruct their men first-hand. This shows a captain coaching his marksmen to better shooting.
7. At work in the 200-yard butts. Gen. Johnson and Capt. Evans made a 50-50 score here in ten shots at the target, each.
8. Officers' mess. The officers are allowed the privilege of a mess table. Privates sit in the shade of trees that fringe the range and talk over the work of the morning.
9. The 300-yard butts again, and officers and men watching the results of the various shots. Those in the rear are about to take their turns with the guns. The new administration building, now nearing completion, is shown in this picture.
10. Maj. Lawrence W. Redington, brigade adjutant, who spends every Sunday on the range, and who has done much in boosting target practice among guardsmen.

An extinct crater, cleared of brush and trees, cut with rifle pits and shooting butts, equipped with latest patterns of field telephones, protected on all sides by a rising rim of rock or soil, and set in an atmosphere clear and void of dampness—this is the rifle range on Punchbowl which battalions from the 1st Infantry, National Guard of Hawaii, are using every week for practice.

One who climbs the steep side of Punchbowl that faces toward town, and this is the path by which the infantrymen ascend, gets a birdseye view of the range from the rim of the crater.

He sees before him a huge green and brown saucer some 40 acres in area in which men in khaki, a hundred or more of them, lying with guns, while up to him intermittently the crack-crack of the weapons and the puffs of smoke that show where the firing is heaviest.

Across the saucer stand the huge target boards, 12 or 15 feet in height, and banked with soil at the back. Directly behind them rises a grove of kaive trees and farther back beyond the crater's rim the slopes of Tantalus show in the distance. This is the setting for the day's work on the range.

**Work, Not Child's Play**  
That day's work is no child's play and is not intended for laggards. It begins at 8 o'clock in the morning when the men march from the armory part way up the Pauoa Valley road, thence up the steep face of the cliff to the rim of the crater.

Immediately on arriving at the semi-permanent camp, which is maintained at all times there, the guardsmen get busy. By orders already arranged one band is sent to the pits to handle the targets, another is placed in charge of the cleaning racks, for the guns must be kept shining at all times, another handles the field telephones and the shooting records, while the last are assigned to work with the guns. During the day changes are made at intervals that all may have an equal share of the different sorts of work. Not to be left out is the group of company cooks,

which serve through the entire forenoon at that work, and must have the meal ready when the bugle blows "Cease firing" for lunch.

The casual spectator who climbs to the top of the crater or rides up in an automobile is visibly impressed with his first view of the target work.

**Dicks Tell Results**  
There is a fascination in watching the big targets spotted to show whether the last shot went true or wild. Immediately after a shot is made a disk is lifted to the target to show the location of hit. A white disk means a bulls-eye and counts five; a red disk counts four, and so on down. If the entire target is missed a red flag is waved, almost defiantly it seems, and often provoking as much wrath in the unfortunate marksman as it would provoke in a bull.

The targets resemble huge playing cards—aces of clubs—and they slide up and down between shots almost as if alive. That black mark in the center is supposed to represent the head and shoulders of a man, lying prone and firing straight ahead.

The ranges fired over are 200, 300, 500 and 800 yards, and various positions are allowed the marksmen according to the record to be tried for. Sometimes he lies prone, sometimes squats on one knee. The beginner is instructed during the process by one of his company officers, practically all of whom are good shots.

**Men Fire in Turn**  
Each target is fired at by two men, being raised and lowered alternately as they take turns in shooting. This gives a spirit of competition that arouses interest and helps in the work.

If all the shots are going wide or high, this fact is telephoned back to the butts from the pits and orders go out to the individual to change his sights accordingly. This telephone communication is carried on constantly, keeping the two groups of men in touch with each other.

At noon the bugle call rings out to cease firing and prepare for lunch. Hungry infantrymen know the meaning of the notes which to them have a truly silver sound. From the pits

come running some 20 or more men with yells of delight as they cross the area to the mess grounds.

Then they line up single file, a hungry bread line that passes the huge pots of corn beef hash or potatoes or rice, where generous helpings are scooped out to plates that look up beseechingly. The officers eat under the shade of a kiawe tree and at a table, and often an army officer is present as a guest.

**Amusing Incidents Arise**  
Funny incidents are always occurring that add to the good time of the day. Maybe a stray cow from the road camp nearby strolls across the range during practice. At once the order to cease firing does down the line.

Sometimes it's an officer, sometimes a private that goes to clear the range armed with rocks and sticks. Whoever it is he is applauded with cheers and hand-clapping from the men behind, and cries of "bullseye, bullseye," go up as an especially well aimed rock lands against the bovine ribs.

Or it may be that the goat mascot which "Jack" Atkinson brought from Kahoolawe breaks into the customary routine by attacking a cartridge belt or hurdling down among the men. Here and there during the afternoon officers of rival companies engage in a spirited contest at the targets, and are backed by their respective men who watch the shooting eagerly.

Later in the afternoon, about the time that the rays of the sun are beginning to strike down less forcefully, the order is given to clean up for the march to town, and soon after many tired but happy men mount the rim again and head toward town and the armory. Such is the day's work on Punchbowl range.

**Location is Unique**  
Target practice upon an open range is not a rarity, especially in this day of preparedness, but a rifle range within an extinct volcanic crater is unique and probably belongs to no other organization than the National Guard of Hawaii.  
Beginning with the whirlwind campaign conducted last winter by Brig.-Gen. Samuel I. Johnson to secure

## AVIATION SECTION PLANS FOR BIG CORPS OF RESERVE FLYERS

Col. Squier, Chief, Announces Preliminary Intentions For Training

Honolulu's organization of an aero club during the last few months is in fitting time with an announcement by Lieut.-Col. George O. Squier, chief of the aviation section of the Signal Corps, regarding the training of reserve aviators.

Col. Squier says that it is the intention to train as many such as possible and whether this number will be a thousand or less will depend upon the personnel and facilities available. This division is a different class than national guardsmen, and will be trained at civilian flying schools.

When reserve aviators are thoroughly trained they will, if satisfactory, receive commissions as officers in the Officers' Reserve Corps.  
Any civilian who wishes to join the Officers' Reserve Corps as a reserve military aviator should send his application to the War Department at Washington. He will then be examined by a medical officer, and also, if it is possible, by an officer of the Aviation Section, to determine his probable fitness.

If accepted he will be ordered to a civilian school, where he will be put through preliminary training under the supervision of an inspecting officer either stationed at the field or making frequent visits. This training

may be stopped at any time at the discretion of the officer who makes the inspections if it should appear that the candidate is either physically, psychologically or mentally unfit.

When the preliminary training is ended the candidate may be ordered either to an army station or to continue his work at the civilian schools under direct military instruction until he is ready to take his reserve military aviator's tests. These require a considerable degree of skill as a pilot, though they are not as difficult as the junior military aviator's tests which the army pilots take. When the reserve military aviator has passed his tests he will be commissioned a first lieutenant in the Officers' Reserve Corps. He will then be required to report 15 days in each year for instruction and practice at one of the army flying fields, during which period he will receive the same pay and allowances as an officer of the same rank in the regular army.

Col. Squier says the section plans to train 257 R. M. A. first lieutenants and about 2000 mechanics, truck drivers, etc. These men will be trained as individuals, and in case of war or threatened war they may be summoned and put into one of the regular army flying units of their own. In this way it is hoped to get individual flyers and mechanics who will be on call in case of need.

### WANTS PART OF THREE MILLION

BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—As direct descendant of Gideon Howland, who died many years ago, leaving a \$3,000,000 trust estate, of which Hetty Green had life use, William Allen, a Myrtle Beach contractor, through John I. Bennett of Ansonia, has filed a claim for a share of the estate.

## ARMY CHAPLAINS LIGHTEN BORDER LIFE BY MOVIES

FIELD HEADQUARTERS of the American Punitive Expedition in Mexico, Oct. 28.—The army chaplains who accompany the American Punitive Expedition in Mexico have not only marched abreast of their toughest charges clear through to the Sierra Madre, but here they have distinguished themselves in a new way. They have established the first electric plant within a 125-mile radius of this spot in Chihuahua for the lighting of a reading room and a movie show. However commonplace the electric light has become in the states, it is still rather an innovation in this part of Mexico, especially in an army camp in the Casas Grandes valley. But, thanks to the chaplains who devoted much time to pestering the authorities for permission to bring the necessary machinery in on motor trucks, the gas engine, generator and other equipment arrived about two months ago and now the lowest private can read the latest periodicals and write his letters under electric lights. Even the

general hasn't that privilege.

The reading room, which is well lighted and supplied with benches and tables, is in charge of Chaplain O. J. N. Scott of the 10th Cavalry. The Young Men's Christian Association has furnished 61,000 envelopes and 160,000 letterheads, which are given out gratis. With the Red Cross and the Young Men's Hebrew Association, it also sends reading matter. The tent will accommodate several score and generally is well filled.

The crowd comes early and stays until the last flicker. Right after retreat, bearing gasoline cans, soap boxes, even cumbersome arm chairs, they secure the coveted positions surrounding the projecting machine, prepared for an hour and a half wait.

Reports made public at the War Department show that it cost \$25,000 last month to recruit 372 men in New York for the National Guard in the federal service.

### MANY ASTHMATICS IN HONOLULU

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